



M I D A S:

A N

English Burletta.



[ Price Eighteen-pence. ]

M. I. D. A. S.

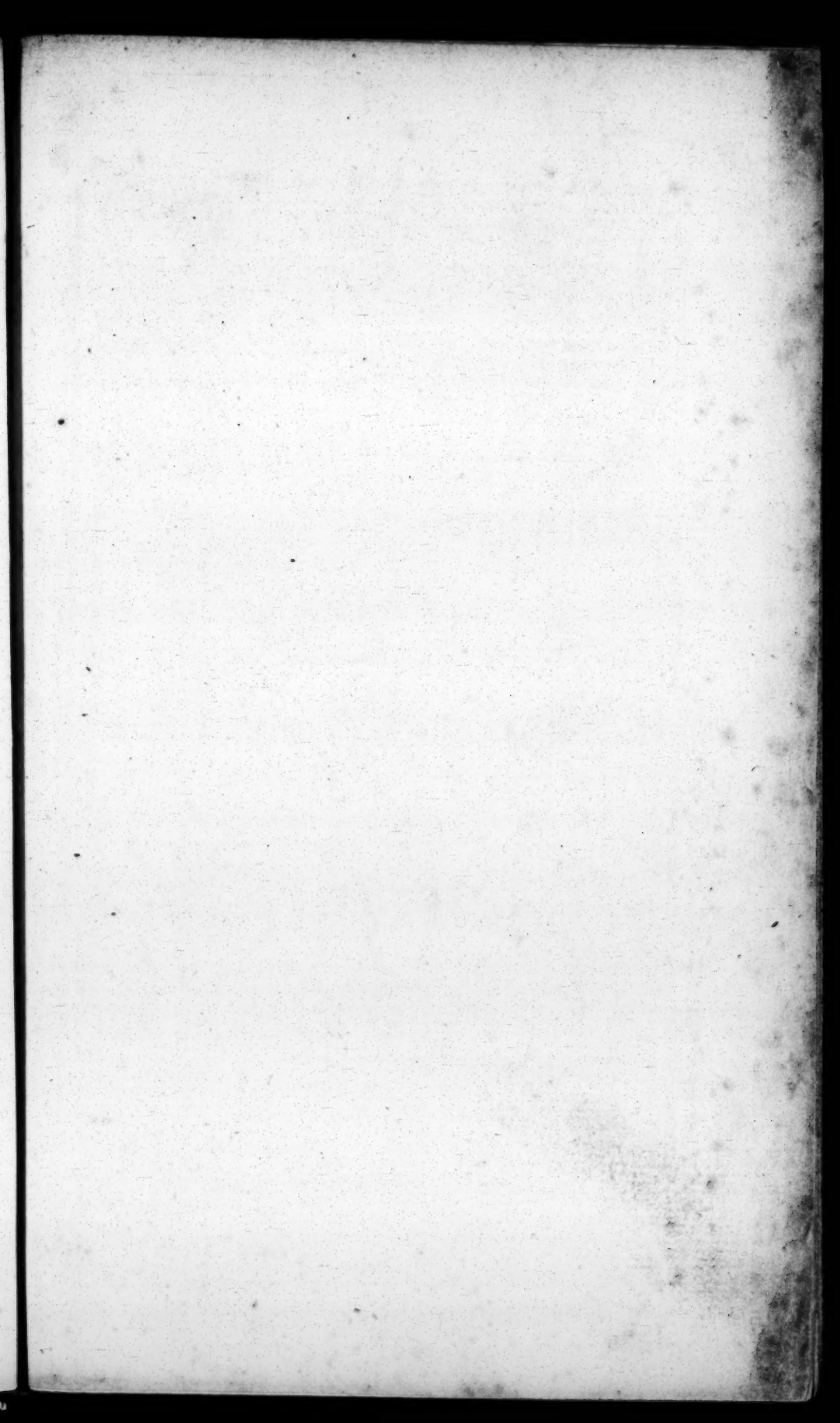
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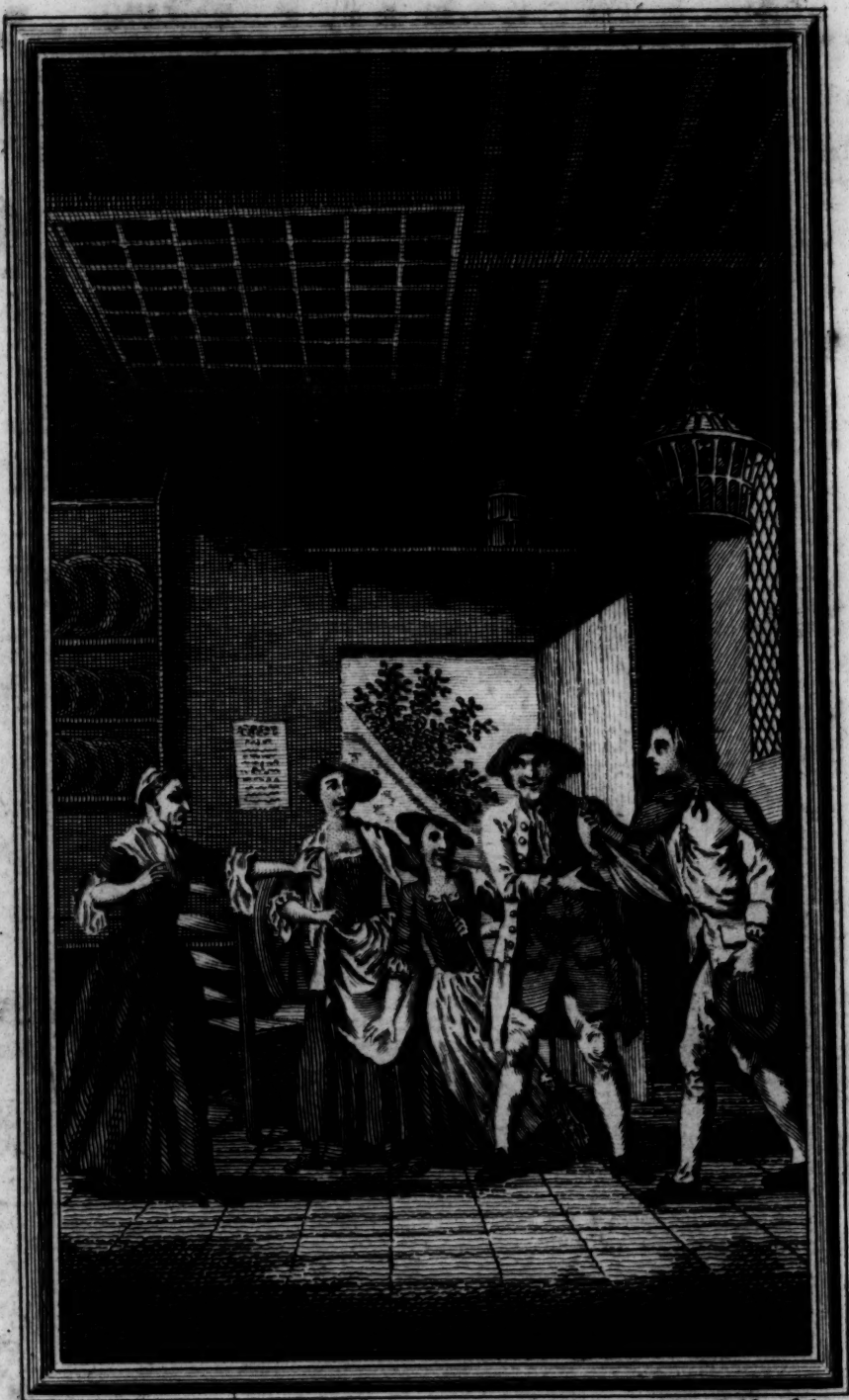
English Bulletin

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*Wate delin.*

*Goldar sculp.*

M I D A S;

A N

English Burletta.

As it is performed, at the

THEATRE-ROYAL,

I N

COVENT-GARDEN.

[By Kane O'Hara.]



L O N D O N:

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1897

1897



## To the R E A D E R.

**T**HE Editor of the following piece thinks proper to observe, that the first idea of it was conceived, and the plan in some measure executed by a gentleman in Dublin, for the private entertainment of some persons of distinction in that kingdom, at a time, when Italian Burlettas were blended with the exhibitions of the Theatre, and almost triumphed over the best productions in our language. The public spirit of those, for whom it was originally intended, prevailed upon the author to enlarge his design. Accordingly, MIDAS ventured on the stage, and met with uncommon success for a series of nights. The Editor begs leave to add a word concerning the stile which prevails in the following scenes. They are written in the true spirit of the mock-heroic. BURLESQUE, in all times, from the stage of ATHENS down to the DRAGON OF WANTLEY, has been esteemed one of the provinces of the Drama. It's  
humour



## To the R E A D E R.

humour principally consists in making dignified personages raise in our minds trite and ordinary ideas, or else in giving to trivial objects a serious air of gravity and importance.

It would be impertinent to point out instances in either way of composition; but thus much was deemed necessary that no one should look for another sort of entertainment than was here intended. The public, with their usual candour, will consider the particular scope of this piece, and will decide nothing till they have heard the musick, to which it is adapted. Should MIDAS in the representation be found to have merit, and indeed, excellence in its kind; the generous critick will allow the author that degree of applause, which his talents seem to deserve.

MIDAS

# Dinner's Performers

|           |         |
|-----------|---------|
| Mr. Jagg  | Leopold |
| Mr. Stagg | June    |
| Mr. Mott  | Abol    |
| Mr. Dabbs | Mon     |
| Mr. Babs  | Mercury |
| Mr. Dabbs | Pao     |

Venus  
 Vulcan  
 Venus  
 Minerva  
 C. S.

## M O R E A L S

|           |           |
|-----------|-----------|
| Mr. Clark | Mr. Clark |
| Mr. Clark | Mr. Clark |
| Mr. Clark | Mr. Clark |
| Mr. Clark | Mr. Clark |
| Mr. Clark | Mr. Clark |
| Mr. Clark | Mr. Clark |
| Mr. Clark | Mr. Clark |

GENT. For more information, call on the  
 at the corner of 1st and 2nd

## *Dramatis Personæ.*

|          |                |
|----------|----------------|
| Jupiter, | Mr. Legg.      |
| Juno,    | Mrs. Stephens. |
| Apollo,  | Mr. Mattocks.  |
| Momus,   | Mr. Dibden.    |
| Mercury, | Mr. Baker.     |
| Pan,     | Mr. Dunstall.  |

|          |                 |
|----------|-----------------|
| Mars,    | } <i>Mutes.</i> |
| Vulcan,  |                 |
| Venus,   |                 |
| Minerva, |                 |
| &c, &c.  |                 |

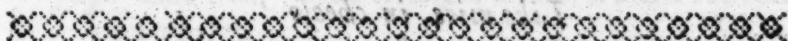
## M O R T A L S.

|          |               |
|----------|---------------|
| Midas,   | Mr. Shuter.   |
| Damætas, | Mr. Fawcett.  |
| Sileno,  | Mr. Beard.    |
| Myfis,   | Miss Poitier. |
| Daphne,  | Miss Miller.  |
| Nyfa,    | Miss Hallam.  |
| Oracle,  | Mr. Wayle     |

SCENE, *first on mount Olympus, afterwards  
on the pastures of Lydia.*



# M I D A S.



## A C T I.

The curtain rising discovers the Heathen Deities, seated amidst the clouds, in full council: they address Jupiter in chorus, accompanied by all the instruments.

A I R I. King of Prussia's March.

Chorus of all the Gods.

*J*OVE, in his chair,  
Of the sky Lord-May'r  
With his nods  
Men and Gods  
Keeps in awe,  
When he winks  
Heaven shrinks,  
When he speaks  
Hell squeaks  
Earth's globe is but his taw.

B

Cock



*Cock of the school  
 He bears despotic rule,  
 His word  
 Tho' absurd  
 Must be law.  
 Even fate  
 Tho' so great,  
 Must not prate,  
 His bald pate  
 Jove would cuff,  
 He's so bluff,  
 For a straw.  
 Cow'd deities  
 Like mice, in cheese  
 To stir must cease,  
 Nor gnaw.*

RECITATIVE, accompanied.

*Jup. (rising.)* Immortals, you have heard your  
 plaintive sovereign  
 And Culprit Sol's high crimes. Shall we who  
 govern  
 Brook spies upon us? Shall Apollo trample  
 On our commands? we'll make him an example.  
 As for you, Juno, curb your prying temper, or  
 We'll make you to your cost, know,—we're your  
 emperor,  
 Your husband—when the jealous Gad-bee twitches,  
 Swallow your spittle—Jove will wear the breeches.

A I R II. To its own tune.

*To happy ignorance  
 Connubial peace is owing:  
 'Tis a curse to be too knowing  
 Best let things take their chance.*

*Abusy*

*A lufy curiosity  
 Produces endless evils,  
 It turns the Gods felicity  
 To sharpest pangs of devils,  
 Supplying food to jealousy.*

## R E C I T A T I V E.

*Juno (afide.)* What new rape is toward? To fix  
 and sevens,

This tyrant, for it's fake, will jumble the heavens.  
 I'll take the law. *(to Jup.)* My proctor, with a  
 summons

Shall cite you, fir, t'appear at Doctor's Commons.

*Jup.* Let him—but first I'll chafe from Heaven  
 yon varlet,

*Juno.* What, for detecting you and your vile  
 harlot?

Fine scheme! banish the Sun! drive out Apollo!  
 That you, of lawless love, deep draughts may  
 swallow.

You'll then not need, thou grand monarque of  
 Horners,

Skulk with your misses into holes and corners.

## A I R III. Shaan Bwee.

*Think not lewd Jove*

*Thus to wrong my chaste love,*

*For spite of your rakebelly godhead*

*By day, and by night,*

*Juno will have her right*

*Nor be, of dues nuptial, defrauded.*

*I'll ferrit the haunts*

*Of your female gallants,*

*In vain you in darknefs enclose them,*

*Your favourite jades,*

*I'll plunge to the shades,*

*Or into coves metamorphose them.*

## R E C I T A T I V E.

*Jup.* Peace termagant, I swear by Styx—our  
thunder  
Shall hurl him to the earth.

*Momus.* Sire, we knock under.  
Ha, ha, ha, (*Aside*) O jest most precious!  
'Twill serve a thousand years hence to refresh us.  
I say, down with him, Jove—exert your puissance,  
Morbieu, the puppy's grown a public nuisance,  
Ay, ay, short work—put out the light, and then—

A I R V. There was a jovial Beggar.

*No difference of character,  
Vice, virtue—idle dreams!  
For lewd, or chaste, or foul, or fair,  
Must then be only names,  
When a sporting all may go, may go, may go, &c.  
Screen'd from the husband's jealous eyes,  
All love, all free as air,  
No wanton need to fear surprize  
Oh what a life were there!  
When a sporting, &c.  
Then hey for trumps, for matadores  
And rare sansprendre voles,  
Old maids will fly, when past amours,  
To dear quadrille by shoals,  
And a gambling, &c.*

## R E C I T A T I V E.

*Jove.* O brave, we nod his doom!  
*Apollo.* Hold, hold, have patience  
Papa—No bowels for your own relations!

RECIT.

R E C I T. accompanied.

What can this hurly-burly, this helter-skelter mean?

Jove looks confounded furly!—Chaos is come again.

A I R VI. To it's own tune.

*Be by your friends advised,  
Too harsh, too hasty dad!  
Maugre your bolts, and wise head,  
The world will think you mad.  
What worse can Bacchus teach men,  
His roaring bucks, when drunk,  
Then break the lamps, beat watchmen  
And stagger to some punk.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

*Jup.* You saucy scoundrel—there fir—come Disorder,  
Down Phœbus, down to earth, we'll hear no farther.

R E C I T. accompanied.

Roll, thunders, roll, blue lightnings flash around him,  
The blab shall find our sky can do without him.

*Thunder and lightning. Jupiter darts a bolt at him, he falls.—Jupiter re-assumes his throne, and the Gods all ascend together, singing the initial chorus.*

*Jove in his chair, &c.*

SCENE



*A Champaign country with a distant village ; violent storm of thunder and lightning. Shepherds sleeping in the field are roused by it and run away frightened. One leaves his cloak, hat, and guittar behind him. Apollo is seen whirling in the air, as cast from heav'n ; he falls to earth, with a rude shock, and lies for a while, stunn'd : at length he begins to move, rises, advances, and looking upward, speaks.*

R E C I T. accompanied.

*Apol.* Zooks ! what a crush ! a pretty decent tumble !

Kind usage, Mr. Jove—sweet sir—your humble.

Well, down, I am ;—no bones broke—tho' sorely pepper'd !

Here doom'd to stay.—What can I do ?—turn shepherd. *[Puts on the cloak, &c.*

A lucky thought.—In this disguise, Apollo  
No more but *Pol*, the swain, some flock I'll follow.  
Nor doubt I, with my voice, guittar, and person,  
Among the nymphs to kick up some diversion.

A I R VII. Hang me if I marry.

*With fun, my disgrace I'll parry*

*While here on earth, I tarry,*

*With the nymphs, in my way,*

*I'll kiss and play,*

*But hang me if I marry—hang me if I marry*

*With the nymphs, &c.*

*Let*

# M I D A S

7

*Let the sky go to wreck, and miscarry,  
Without my luminary,  
Pol here will stay,  
To kiss and play  
To toy, but never marry—toy, but never marry.  
Pol here will stay, &c. &c.*

Enter S I L E N O.

## R E C I T A T I V E.

*Sileno.* Whom have we here! a sightly clown!—  
and sturdy!  
Hum—plays, I see, upon the hurdy-gurdy.  
Seems out of place—a stranger,—all in tatters,  
I'll hire him—he'll divert my wife and daughters.  
—Whence, and what art thou boy?  
*Pol.* An orphan lad, Sir;  
*Pol* is my name;—a shepherd once my dad, Sir;  
I'th upper parts here—tho' not born to serving.  
I'll now take on, for, faith, I'm almost starving.  
*Selino.* You've drawn a prize i'th' lottery.—So  
have I too;  
Why,— I'm the master you could best apply to.

## A I R VIII. To it's own tune.

*Since you mean to hire for service  
Come with me, you jolly dog,  
You can help to bring home harvest,  
Tend the sheep, and feed the hog.*

*Fa la la.*

*With three crowns, your standing wages,  
You shall daintily be fed;  
Bacon, beans, salt beef and cabbage,  
Butter, milk, and oaten-bread.*

*Fa la la,*

*Come*

*Come strike hands, you'll live in clover,  
When we get you once at home,  
And when daily labour's over  
We'll all dance to your strum, strum.*

*Fa la la.*

## R E C I T A T I V E.

*Pol. (aside). From Nectar, and Ambrosia, 'tis  
coarse diet;  
When I was well, why could I not be quiet.*

*(After a pause takes Sileno by the hand and  
sings to the foregoing air.)*

*Done, strike hands, I take your offer,  
Farther on, I may fare worse,  
Zooks, I can no longer suffer,  
Hungry guts, and empty purse.*

*Fa la la.*

## D U E T T O. Air continued.

*Sil. Do, strike hands; 'tis kind I offer,*

*Pol. I strike hands, and take your offer,*

*Sil. Farther seeking you'll fare worse,*

*Pol. Farther on I may fare worse,*

*Sil. Pity such a lad, should suffer,*

*Pol. Zooks, I can no longer suffer,*

*Sil. Hungry guts, and empty purse.*

*Pol. Hungry guts, and empty purse.*

*Fa la la*

*Exeunt, dancing, and singing the chorus.*

SILENO'S

## SILENO's Farm-House.

*Daphne and Nyfa, discover'd running,—their spinning-wheels over turned.*

*Both.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Daph.* But *Nyfa*, how goes on squire *Midas*' courtship?

*Nyf.* Your sweet *Damatas*, pimp to his great worship

Brought me from him a purse;—but the conditions—

—I've cur'd him, I believe, of such commissions.

*Daph.* The moon-calf! this must blast him with my father.

*Nyf.* Right. So we'er rid of the two frights together.

AIR IX. If 'tis joy to wound a Lover.

*If the swain we sigh for press us,*

*Oh how pleasing 'tis to please!*

*If the fright we loath address us*

*How delightful 'tis to teize.*

## R E C I T A T I V E.

*Daph.* Arch Monkey, hang me if I thought 'twas in you.

Well *Ny*—work you your Squire—as for my *Ninny*—

If he shan't curse—then call me driv'ling Gipsy—  
The hour that first on *Daph* he cast a sheep's eye.



## A I R X. Mirleton.

*If I cannot plague the lubber,  
 Now I have him in my crib,  
 If, when he begins to blubber,  
 I can't soothe or laugh, or fib,  
 Doom'd for life, I may be,  
 To play with my baby,  
 And to wear a slabb'ring bib.*

*Both. Ha! ha! ha!—Ha! ha! ha!*

*Myfis enters hastily.*

## R E C I T A T I V E,

*Myf. Hey-day! what mare's nest's found?—  
 For ever grinning:  
 Ye rantipoles—is't thus you mind your spinning.*

## A I R XI. Three Sheep-skins.

*Girls are known  
 To mischief prone;  
 If ever they be idle,  
 Who would rear  
 Two daughters fair,  
 Must hold a steady bridle:  
 For here they skip,  
 And there they trip,  
 And this and that way side.*

*For here they skip, &c.*

*Giddy*

Giddy Maids,  
 Poor silly jades,  
     All after men are gadding;  
 They flirt Pall mall,  
 Their train to swell,  
     To coxcomb, coxcomb adding  
 To ev'ry fop  
 They're Cock-a-hoop,  
     And set their mother's madding;  
                     To ev'ry fop, &c.

*Enter Sileno introducing Pol.*

## R E C I T A T I V E.

*Sil.* Now, dame, and girls, no more let's hear  
 you grumble  
 At too hard toil:—I chanc'd, just now, to stumble,  
 On this stout drudge,—and hir'd him—fit for labour.

To'm lad—then he can play and sing and caper.

*Myf.* He shall not stay—unknown to me to hire  
 him,

A lath!

*Sil.* Nay there you're out,—no toil can tire him.

*Myf.* (*putting Pol. from Daph.*) Gad's me! your  
 distance, scare-crow! cursed civil!

Beggars once mounted, gallop to the devil.

Gaffer, (*to Sil.*) your blunders every hour surprize  
 one:

This washy clout a drudge!—ah, thou'rt a wise  
 one.

Fine rubbish to bring home, a strolling thrummer!

(*to Pol.*) What art thou good for? speak, thou  
 ragged mummer.

Nys. Mother, for shame—

Mys. Peace, saucebox, or I'll maul you.

Pol. Goody, my strength and parts you under value.

For his and your work, I am brisk and handy.

Daph. A sad cheat else—

Mys. What you, you jacka-dandy.

Pol. (*aside*) Our Gammer, sure, has tipt her  
 1 bet of stingo!

Am I Apollo, and must bear this lingo?

## A I R XII. A tune in Queen Mab.

*Pray goody, please to moderate the rancour of your tongue:*

*Why flash those sparks of fury from your eyes?*

*Remember, when the judgement's weak, the prejudice is strong.*

*A stranger why will you despise?*

*Ply me*

*Try me*

*Prove, e'er you deny me,*

*If you cast me*

*Off, you blast me*

*Never more to rise.*

*Pray, goody, please, &c.*

## R E C I T A T I V E.

Mys. Sirrah, this insolence deserves a drubbing:

Nys. With what sweet temper he bears all her  
 snubbing (*aside*)

Sil. Oons, no more words—go boy, and get  
 your dinner.

Eye, why so cross grain'd to a young beginner?

[*to Mys.*

Nys.

*Nys.* So modest!

*Daph.* So genteel!

*Sil.* (to *Myl.*) Not pert, nor lumpish.

*Mys.* Would he were hang'd!

*Nys.* and *Daph.* La! mother, why so frumpish?

A I R XIII. To the tune of, Non, Non, vo-  
lette n'est paint trompeuse.

*Nys.* *Mama*, how can you be so ill-natured,  
To the gentle handsome swain?

*Daph.* To a lad, so limb'd, so featur'd,  
Sure 'tis cruel to give pain,  
Sure 'tis cruel &c.

*Mys.* Girls, for you my fears perplex me  
I'm alarm'd on your account:

*Syl.* Wife, in vain you tieze and vex me,  
I will rule depend upon't.

*Nys.* Ab! ab!

*Daph.* Mama!

*Nys.* and } *Mama*, how can you be so illnatur'd,  
*Daph.* } Ab, ab, to a lad so limb'd, so featured?

*Nys.* and } To the gentle, handsome swain

*Daph.* } Sure 'tis cruel to give pain,

*Nys.* and } Sure 'tis cruel to give pain,

*Daph.* } To the gentle, handsome swain.

*Mys.* Girls, for you my fears perplex me,  
I'm alarm'd on your accounts.

*Sil.* Wife in vain you tieze and vex me  
I will rule depend upon't.

*Nys.* } Mama

*Mys.* } Psha! Pshaw!

*Daph.* } Papa

*Sil.* } Ab! ab!

*Daph.* Mama, how can you be so ill-natured,

*Sil.* } Psha, psha, you must not be so ill-natur'd;

*Nys.* } Ab, ab, to a lad so limb'd, so featur'd,

*Daph.*



Daph. } *To the gentle, handsome swain,*  
 Sil. } *He's a gentle, handsome swain,*  
 Nyf. } *Sure 'tis cruel to give pain,*  
 Myf. } *T'is my pleasure to give pain.*  
 Daph. } *Sure 'tis cruel to give pain,*  
 Sil. } *He's a gentle, handsome swain*  
 Nyf. } *To the gentle handsome swain.*  
 Myf. } *To your odious, fav'rite swain.*

Exeunt.

*Squire Midas discovered in his parlour, smoaking his pipe, lolling in an easy chair. Damætas waiting at a respectful distance.*

## RECITATIVE.

*Mid.* Nyfa, you say, refus'd the guineas British.

*Dam.* Ah! please your worship—she is wond'rous skittish.

*Out, pimp, said she,—take back to him who sent it, That trash—*

*Mid.* Death!—scorn'd!—the minx shall sore repent it.

*Dam.* She scorns you—

*Mid.* But when you told her what I meant to settle—

*Dam.* She flounc'd, you'd swear her tongue was of bell-metal.

*Mid.* I'll have her, cost what 'twill, oddsbods—I'll force her—

*Dam.* The halter—

*Mid.* As for madam, I'll divorce her.—

*Dam.* The bishop's court—lard help your paper noddle!

*Did she not give the slip to young Sir Dawdle?*

*Her sister Daphne too, a curse upon her,*

*Utes me worse, than Nisa does your honour.*

*Mid.*

*Mid.* Some favour'd lout incog our blifs opposes,

*Dam.* Ay, *Pol*, the hind, puts out of joint our noses:

# AIR XIV. Fanny's fairer than a flower.

*Wretched he, whose pain or pleasure  
Hangs on faithless woman's mind;  
Such the merchant's state, whose treasure  
Swims the sport of tide and wind.  
Female likings are unsteady  
As the veering weather-cock.  
Miss, for new addressees ready  
Shifts her lover, like her smock.*

## RECITATIVE.

*Mid.* I've heard of that *Pol*'s tricks,—of his fly tampering  
To fling poor *Pan*, but I'll soon send him scampering.  
An upstart!—rival me!—by George, I'll pheaze him:

*Dam.* Sir, he bewitches every girl that sees him.

*Mid.* 'Sblood, I'll commit him—drive him to the gallows!

Where is old *Pan*?

*Dam.* Tipling, Sir, at th' ale-house.

*Mid.* Run, fetch him—we shall hit on some expedient—

To rout this *Pol*.

*Dam.* I fly, (going returns) Sir, your obedient:

(Exit.)

RECIT.

## R E C I T. accompanied.

*Mid.* What boots my being Squire  
 Justice of Peace, and Quorum?  
 Church-warden—knight o'th' shire,  
 And Custos Rotulorum?  
 If faucy little *Nysa's* heart rebellious,  
 My squireship flights, and hankers after  
 fellows?

A I R XV. To a French tune, A la Santé  
du Pere d'Oleron.

*Shall a paltry clown, not fit to wipe my shoes  
 Dare my amours to cross?  
 Shall a peasant minx, when justice Midas wooes  
 Her nose up at him tofs?  
 No, I'll kidnap—then possess her.  
 I'll sell her Pol a slave, get mundungus in exchange,  
 So glut to the height of pleasure,  
 My love and my revenge.  
 No, I'll kidnap, &c.* Exit.

## S C E N E An Alehouse.

*Pan* is discovered sitting at a table, with a tankard,  
 pipes, and tobacco before him, his bagpipes lying  
 by him.

## A I R XVI. Sheelagh na Guig.

*Pan.* *Jupiter wenches and drinks,  
 He rules the roast in the sky,  
 Yet he's a fool if he thinks  
 That he's as happy as I.*

Juno

*Juno rates him  
And grates him,  
And leads his highness a weary life;  
I have my lass  
And my glass,  
And strole a batchelor's merry life.*

*Let him fluster  
And bluster,  
Yet cringe to his harri-dan's furbella;  
To my fair tulips  
I glew lips,  
And clink the cannikin here below.*

*Jupiter wenches, &c.*

Enter D A M Æ T A S.

# R E C I T A T I V E.

*Dam.* There fits the old soaker—his pate  
troubling little  
How the world wags—so he gets drink and vittle:  
Hoa, master Pan!—Gad you've trod on a thistle!  
You may pack up your all, fir, and go whistle.  
The wenches have turn'd tail—to yon buck-ranter,  
Tickled by his guittar—they scorn your chanter.

D

A I R



## AIR XVII. Tune in Pant. of Fortunatus

*All around the maypole how they trot,*

*Hot*

*Pot,*

*And good ale have got;*

*Routing,*

*Shouting,*

*At you flouting,*

*Fleering,*

*Jeering,*

*And what not:*

*All around the maypole, &c.*

*There is old Sileno frisks like a mad*

*Lad,*

*Glad*

*To see us sad,*

*Cap'ring,*

*Vap'ring,*

*While Pol, scraping,*

*Coaxes*

*The doxies*

*As he did the dad.*

*All around the maypole, &c.*

## RECITATIVE.

*Pan.* O blood, and guts! What, dare the tinkler  
scurvy

Intrude, to turn my wenches topsy turvy?

A fop! chouse me out of my choice trol-lops,

I'll smash his trim guittar—about his chaps.

A I R XVIII. My wife's a galloping, &c.

*Shall he run away with the lasses  
By his trills, and his flurs, and his graces,  
From me who at fairs, and horse-races,  
Have pip'd to the laird of the clan.  
A fribble!—If I can but catch him  
I'll pummel—I'll pinch, and I'll scratch him;  
I warrant I'll make him not match him  
Self as a musician with Pan.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

*Dam.* Keep yourself cool, good master Pan—  
this courage  
Is thrown away—Pol's a mere chip in Porridge;  
Softly and fair—

*Pan.* You're right;—our Squire, when mellow;  
'Tis he shall do't—he's a rough, hec't'ring fellow.

*Dam.* Why he sent me for you—He, with kicks  
o'th' crupper,  
Will make Pol dance—He'll gi'n salt eel to's  
supper.

*Pan.* Step you before—I'll but just pay my  
reck'ning  
And in a crack attend his worship's beck'ning.

[Exit *Dam.*

[*He throws some pieces on the table, and de-  
parting is met by*

M Y S I S, entering hastily.

*Myf.* O Pan! the devil to pay—both my fluts  
frantic!  
Both in their tantrums, for yon cap'ring antick.  
Rivals forsooth!

*Pan.* What, for a straggling goatherd!

*Myf.* For this fine piece of work—thanks to my  
dotard.

## A I R XIX. Sheelagh na Guiragh.

*Sure I shall run with vexation distracted,  
 To see my purposes thus counter-acted!  
 This way, or that way, or which way soever,  
 All things run contrary to my endeavour.  
     Daughters projecting  
     Their ruin and shame,  
     Fathers neglecting  
     The care of their fame,  
 Nursing in bosom a treacherous viper;  
 Here's a fine dance—but 'tis he pays the piper.*

## R E C I T A T I V E.

But I'll go seek 'em all—and if I find 'em,  
 I'll drive 'em—as if Old Nick were behind 'em.  
[Going]

*Pan.* Soa, soa,—don't flounce;  
     Avast—disguise your fury.  
*Pol* we shall trounce.  
     Midas is judge and jury.

## A I R XX. Tune, Planxty Johnston.

*When at your foe  
 A mortal blow  
     You aim,  
     Your scheme  
 Let him not know.*

To gain your end  
 You must pretend,  
     Sincerely  
     And dearly,  
 To be his friend,  
 'Till he cease of your love to be doubtful.  
 Your game to play,  
 The sailors say  
 Look one, but row another way.  
     The dean, to fish up  
     Lawn sleeves, and be bishop  
 Says no, to the mitre that would fill his wish up.  
     And pussesey  
 Can counterfeits sleeping,  
     When mousey  
 Steals tip-a-toe creeping;  
     Then winking,  
     And blinking,  
     She catches,  
     Dispatches,  
 And swallows him up at a mouthful.

## R E C I T A T I V E.

*Myf.* Out on't, I'll act above-board—I'll ne'er  
 flatter,  
*Not I*—I scorn it—tell me no such matter.  
 My gossips all would loll their tongues,  
 To see me with my vengeance trifle.  
*Pan.* Ay, but to pay him home those wrongs,  
 Your transports you must stifle.  
*Myf.* Stifle!—dye first! shall *Myfis* stoop to  
 crawling!  
*No*—by my will—these hands should stretch him  
 sprawling.  
*Pan.* You do but put him on his guard by  
 bawling

A I R



## AIR. XXI. Duett. Gavott in Overt: Otho:

*This rash frenzy  
 Foils, not mends you:  
 How you splutter!  
 Check this clutter:  
 Hush—don't utter  
 Threats, or mutter:*

*If he trips,  
 Success attend ye  
 Fair words butter*

Myf.

*No parsnips.  
 Grow'ling spirit t  
 I can't bear it.  
 Can a mother,  
 Without pother  
 Her rage smother  
 When girls both are  
 By his wiles  
 Debauch'd, or near it;  
 Can she cloath her*

Pan.

*Face with smiles:  
 Spite loquacious  
 Makes foes cautious:*

Myf.

*Mean submission  
 Meets derision.*

Pan.

*Beldam froward!*

Myf.

*Sneaking coward!*

Pan.

Pan.

*In surprize  
The triumph lies.*

Myf.

*I despise  
Such low disguise.*

Ribornello.

*Nay let's trick him,  
Sooth, then hick him.*

*Wait,**Wait,**Wait, nor mutter.**Ruin utter**Smooth, but pat**Unaware shall stick him,**And i'th' gutter**Lay him flat.*

Together.

*Zooks, I'll twinge him,**I'll unbinge him.**Tumult, splutter,**Coil, and clutter.**Wait,**Nor mutter.**Strait, vile brat**Shall crush, shall swinge him,**And i'th' gutter**Lay him flat.*

Dance of Satyrs, Fauns, and Dryads.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T



## A C T II.

*An old grove, in the midst, the old oracular oak by it self, its boughs decorated with votive wreaths. Enter Sileno alone, a garland in his hand. He seems struck with religious horror at the gloomy solitude. During the symphony he advances timorously, and hangs his garland on a branch.*

R E C I T. accompanied.

*Sil.* Hail, mystic oak!—zooks what a taking  
 Am I now in!—oh, how I shiver!  
 I'm in an ague—ha! the very shaking  
 Of the leaves, throws me all over int'a quaking,—  
 My wife! I'll ne'er forgive her—  
 I'm wet as in a river—  
 Ah! ha! there—what was't gave me a twitch?  
     It must have been a witch,  
     Or something diabolic.  
     Oh, 'tis a foolish frolic.

*(Thunder and lightning—Sileno retires trembling to a corner of the stage, and there falls on his knees with hands uplifted.)*

## Duett. A I R I. To its own tune.

Sil. *Wond'rous limber, who can'st hear,  
All our questions without ear.*

Ora. *Without ear.*

Sil. *And make answer without tongue.*

Ora. *Without tongue.*

Sil. *Yet known never to be wrong.*

Ora. *Yet known never to be wrong.*

Sil. *Now awful silence break,  
And to the purpose speak.*

Ora. *Speak.*

Sil. *Is my dame mov'd by the devil  
That she can't to Pol be civil?*

Ora. *To Pol be civil.*

Sil. *Say, what means the shrewish fripp'ry  
Dinn'g still that girls are slipp'ry?*

Ora. *Girls are slipp'ry.*

Sil. *Dupes shall we all by Pol be made.*

Ora. *All by Pol be made.*

Sil. *If I don't discard the lad.*

Ora. *Don't discard the lad.*

## A I R II. Newmarket.

Sil. *Oh fye, wooden Oracle, fye for shame  
To let me go back as wife as I came.* (Exit.



## SCENE. A Wood.

*A wood, and lawn near Sileno's farm, flocks grazing at a distance,---a tender slow symphony. Enter Daphne, walks about melancholic and silent; at length lays herself down on a bank absorbed in meditation. Nyfa watching her.*

## RECITATIVE.

*Nyfa.* O ho'! is it so—Miss *Daphne* in the dumps,  
*Mum*—snugs the word—I'll lead her such a dance  
 Shall make her stir her stumps.  
 To all her secret haunts,  
 Like her shadow, I'll follow and watch her :  
 And, faith, mamma shall hear on't if I catch her.

## A I R III. From tree to tree.

*To blast a rival's happiness  
 We ev'ry art employ :  
 And scarcely can our own success,  
 Convey a purer joy.  
 A kind of victory we feel,  
 If she no triumph gain  
 Deny'd a real bliss, we steal  
 False pleasure from her pain.*

RECIT.

R E C I T. partly accompanied.

(*Daphne rises, and comes forward musing*)

*Daph.* La! how my heart goes pit-a-pat!  
what thumping  
E'er since my father brought us home this bump-  
kin.

Heigho!—heigho!—yet why  
Mope thus and sigh?  
Has not the fellow eyes as well as I?  
Gad's heart o' grace I'll pluck up;  
Throw myself in his way and pump him,  
Appear less starch'd and stuck up.  
Then let him guess my meaning by my mumping.

A I R IV. To a French tune, Quand on  
Scait aimer et plair.

*He's as tight a lad to see to,  
As e'er stept in leather shoe  
And, what's better, he'll love me too,  
And to him I'll prove true blue.  
Tho' my sister casts a Hawk's eye  
I defy what she can do.  
He o'er looked the little Doxy,  
I'm the girl he means to woo.  
He's as tight, &c.*

*Hither I stole out to meet him,  
He'll, no doubt, my steps pursue,  
If the youth prove true, I'll fit him;  
If he's false,—I'll fit him too.  
If he's false, &c.  
He's as tight, &c. (End with the first strain.)*

## R E C I T A T I V E.

*Enter Pol.*

*Pol.* Think o' the devil—'tis said,  
 He's at your shoulder—  
 This wench was running in my head,  
 And pop—behold her.  
 Such fair occasions are not met with often,  
 What if I touch the tender vein,  
 And whine some melting, plaintive strain  
 Her heart to soften. *(kneels to her)*

A I R V. When on the dear bosom lying.

*Lovely nymph assuage my anguish;  
 At your feet a tender swain  
 Prays you will not let him languish,  
 One kind look would ease his pain.*

*Did you know the lad who courts you  
 He not long needs sue in vain;  
 Prince of song, of dance of sports—you  
 Scarce will meet his like again.*

*Did you know, &c.*

## R E C I T A T I V E.

*Daph.* Sir; you're such an oglio,  
 Of perfection in folio,  
 No damsel can resist you:  
 Your face so attractive,  
 Limbs so supple and active,  
 That by this light,  
 At the first sight,  
 I could have run and kiss'd you.

AIR

## AIR VI. The priest in his boots.

*If you can caper, as well as you modulate,  
 With the addition of that pretty face,  
 Pan, who was held by our shepherds a God o' late;  
 Will be kick'd out, and you set in his place.*

*His beard so frowsy, his gestures so awkward are  
 And his bag-pipe has so drowsy a drone,  
 That if they find you, as I did, no backwarder,  
 You may count on all the girls as your own.*

## RECITATIVE.

*Pol.* I ask but you— and yours I'll be for ever.

*Daph.* How can I trust?

*Pol.* You may, you must.

*Daph.* Vows are brittle,  
 You'll prove fickle.

*Pol.* I'll die first.

*Daph.* That's clever.

*Pol.* D' you think I'll range :  
 Against all change,

Your charms are my heart's armour.

*Mys. (from within)* Pol, Pol, make haste, come  
 hither.

*Pol.* Death, what a time to call,  
 Oh! rot your old lungs of leather.

B'ye *Daph.*

*Daph.* B'ye *Pol.*

*Pol.* My charmer.

AIR



## AIR VII. An Italian tune of Pescetti.

*Neatest,  
Compleatest  
And sweetest  
Dear Fussy.*

*This is  
A crisis,  
When Myfis  
Cross snubs I  
Could brave and stay;*

*Yet your  
Food nature  
Kind creature,  
Her malice  
Guessing,  
Our blessing  
Suppressing  
Might gaul us,  
Therefore away.*

(During the symphony, they take a tender leave  
and part) [Exit. Pol.]

*Nyfa bursts from her lurking place.*

## R E C I T A T I V E.

*Nyf. Marry come up, forsooth,  
I'ft me, you forward vixen,  
You choose to play your tricks on ?  
And could your liquorish tooth  
Find none but my sweetheart to fix on ?*

*Daph.*

*Daph.* Marry come up a gain.

Indeed! my dirty cousin!

Have you a right to every swain?

*Nys.* Ay, tho' a dozen.

## A I R VIII. Bobbing Joan.

### D U E T T O.

#### I.

*Daph.* *My minikin mis,*—do you fancy that Pol  
Can ever be caught by an infant's dol?

*Nys.* Can you, miss Maypole, suppose he will fall  
In love with the gyantefs of Guild-ball?

*Daph.* *Pigmy elf*

*Nys.* *Colossus itself.*

*Both.* You will lie 'till your mouldy upon the shelf.  
*Pigmy elf, &c.*

#### II.

*Daph.* You stump o'th' gutter, you hop o' my thumb,  
A husband for you must from Lilliput come,

*Nys.* You stalking steeple, you gawky stag,  
Your husband must come from Brobdignag.

*Daph.* *Sour grapes,*

*Nys.* *Lead Apes,*

*Both.* I'll humble your vanity mistress Trapes.

#### III.

## III.

Daph. *Miss your assurance*  
 Nyf. *And miss, your high airs*  
 Daph. *Is past all indurance*  
 Nyf. *Are at their last pray'rs*  
 Daph. *No more of those freedoms miss Nyfa, I beg,*  
 Nyf. *Miss Daphne's conceit must be lower'd a peg.*  
 Daph. } *Poor spite!*  
 Nyf. } *Pride hurt!*  
 Daph. } *Liver white!*  
 Nyf. } *Rare sport!*  
 Daph. } *Do, shew your teeth, spitfire, do, but you can't*  
 Nyf. } *bite.*  
 Nyf. } *This haughtiness soon will be laid in the*  
           *dirt,*  
           *Poor spite! &c.*  
           *Pride hurt, &c.* [Exit, Daph.

## R E C I T. accompanied.

Nyf. Good lack! what is come o'er me?  
 I'm all bewitched, untwisted.  
 Ah! Cupid, thou'rt a wizard  
 Thy spells are not to be resisted.  
 Alas, Daphne, has step'd before me!  
 Envy and love, devour me.  
 Pol, doats upon her phiz hard  
 'Tis that, 'tis that sticks in my gizzard.  
 Midas appears now twenty times more hideous  
 Ah, Nyfa, what resource?—a eloyster.  
 Death alive—yet thither must I run,  
           And turn nun.  
 Left hurried by love prodigious  
 Or lur'd by hope insidious,  
 I be by Pol undone,  
       As you'd undo an oyster.

AIR.

A I R IX. A French tune, Affis sur  
l'Herbertte.

*In those greasy old-tatters  
 His charms brighter shine;  
 Then his guittar he clatters  
 With tinkling divine:  
 But, my sister;  
 Ah! he kist her,  
 And me he pass'd by;  
 I'm jealous  
 Of the fellow's  
 Bad taste and blind eye.  
 I'm jealous, &c.*

Going out, is met by MIDAS, entering.

## R E C I T A T I V E,

*Mid.* Turn, tygres, turn; nay fly not—  
 I have thee at a why not.

*How comes it, little Nyfa,  
 That heart to me so icy  
 Should be to Pol like tinder  
 Burnt up, t'a very cinder?*

*Nys.* Sir, to my virtue ever steady,  
 Firm as a rock  
 I scorn your shock,  
 But why this attack?  
 A mistress can you lack  
 Who have a wife already?

*Mid.* Ay there's the curse—but she is old and  
 sickly;

And would my Nyfa grant the favour quickly,  
 Would she yield now—I swear by the Old Harry  
 The moment madam's coffin'd—Her I'll marry.



## A I R X. The Lottery.

*O what pleasures will abound  
 When my wife is laid in ground  
 Oh what pleasures, &c.—*

*Let earth cover her  
 We'll dance over her  
 When my wife's laid in the ground.  
 Let earth, &c.*

*Oh how happy should I be  
 Would little Nysa pig with me.  
 Oh how happy, &c.*

*How I'd mumble her,  
 Touze and tumble her  
 Would little Nysa pig with me.  
 How I'd mumble, &c.*

## R E C I T A T I V E.

*Nysa.* Young birds alone are caught with chaff,  
 But think not, squire, this farce on  
 Me e're shall pass;  
 At your base scheme I laugh,  
 E'er I fall to, the grace  
 Shall be pronounced by the parson.

*Mid.* Yet take my vows.—

*Nys.* I would not take your bond, sir,—

*Mid.* Half my estate—

*Nys.* No, nor the whole,—my fond sir.

## AIR XI. A Pantomime Tune.

*Ne'er will I be left i' th' lurch,  
Cease your bribes and wooing :  
'Till I'm made a bride i' th' church  
I'll keep man from doing.*

*What are riches  
And soft speeches ?  
Baits and fetches,  
To bewitch us :  
When you've won us  
And undone us,  
Cloy'd you shun us  
Frowning on us*

*For our easy cooing.*

*Can your palace, plate or coach,  
Can your diamonds glitt'ring  
Bridle the tongue of foul reproach ?  
Gibers will be titt'ring.*

*Then poor stumbler,  
How't must humble her  
(If a stumbler  
She lets mumble her)  
When, in her hearing,  
Whisp'ring, sneering,  
Chatt'ring, swearing,  
Hissing, tearing,*

*Gall'ry, box and pitt ring. [Exit*

## RECITATIVE.

*Mid. Well, master Pol I'll tickle,  
For him, at least, I have a rod in pickle :  
When he's in limbo  
Not thus our hoity toity miss  
Will stick her arms a kimbo.*

## A I R XII. Lary Grogan.

*If into your hen-yard  
 The treacherous Reynard  
 Steals slyly, your poultry to ravage, to ravage.  
 With gun you attack him,  
 With beagles you track him,  
 All's fair to destroy the fell savage, fell savage.  
 So Pol, who comes picking  
 Up my tender chicken  
 No means do I scruple to banish, to banish.  
 With pow'r I'll o'erbear him,  
 With fraud I'll ensnare him  
 By hook, or by crook he shall vanish, shall vanish.*

Going out, he is met by

P A N.

## R E C I T A T I V E.

*Pan.* So squire, well met.—I flew to know your business.

*Mid.* Why, Pan, this Pol we must bring down on his knees.

*Pan.* That were a feat indeed!—a feat to brag on.

*Mid.* Let's home—we'll there concert it o'er a flagon.

I'll make him skip—

*Pan.* As St. George did the dragon.

A I R

## AIR XIII. Tune in Fortunatus.

Mid. *Strip him,  
Whip him.*  
*Let his shoulder feel your lash on't.*  
*Clip him,  
Rip him,*  
*Folly now to be compassionate.*  
*If such a little dapper,  
Pert, saucy whippersnapper,  
Silenos understrapper,*  
*Slily*  
*Simp'ring,  
Whimp'ring,*  
*Of your dear Nysa beguile ye—*  
*Sniv'ling,  
Driv'ling,*  
*Will but disgrace and defile ye:*  
*Vigour,  
Rigour,  
Hurry,  
Flurry,*  
*Are the measures fittest for ye.*  
*My plots private  
You'll connive at;*  
*Thus we gain the point we drive at  
Or by covert  
Practices, or ouvert.*

[Exeunt.]

SCENE



## SCENE a Room in SILENO'S House,

Daphne discovered at work.

Enter DAMÆTAS, who sees her not.

R E C I T. accompanied.

*Dam.* Heigho! my very heart will burst afunder,  
What star malign was I born under!

A muckworm herd

To me preferr'd,

O blood and thunder! [*Sees Daph.*]

Ha, Daph, alone!—To silence

I'm aw'd—The Devil's in it.

Have at her—Here goes—

Should she consent—who knows,

This may be the critical minute;

For ever lost a while hence!

Egad, I'm all agog on't.

Seize Time by the forelock,

E'en make a hog, or a dog on't;

The bolder push, the more luck.

## R E C I T A T I V E.

*Daph.* Who sent for you, you hoddy doddy?

*Dam. (aside)* There, now, how cross!—(*to her*)

Nobody.

I came o'myself, as usual,

The question to pop.

*Daph.* Get you gone, you milk-sop;

What, after my refusal!

*Dam.* Ah Daphne, you stop the breath o' me;  
Hussey, you'll be the death o' me.

Ah, why, dear girl, why take up with that beggar,  
And use your own Damætas like a negger?

A I R

## AIR XIV. Tune, Nanny of the Hill,

*Since first those eyes enslav'd my heart  
 In size I'm wasted half—  
 My looks betray my inward smart,  
 Ah cruel, cruel Daph.  
 Ah cruel! ah cruel! ah cruel, cruel Daph.  
 Inhuman maid, my sighs you scout,  
 My tears but make you laugh,  
 Yet at first sight, an upstart lout  
 Has nabb'd my fickle Daph.  
 Ah fickle! ah fickle! ah fickle, fickle Daph.  
 How can you on my courtship frown,  
 My wealth despise as chaff,  
 Yet suffer such a clumsy clown  
 To win and tickle Daph.  
 To win and tickle, to win and tickle Daph.*

## RECITATIVE.

*Daph. You purse-proud bag of lies,  
 Who gave you leave my actions  
 Thus saucily to scrutinize  
 And load with base detractions?  
 Farther a field I weet you,  
 Quick, bundle up your packet,  
 For fear this beggar meet you  
 And thrash your jacket.*

## AIR XV. A French tune. Tourteulle.

*Yes; your wealth I hold at nought,  
 Daphne's heart shall ne'er be bought;  
 Ne'er to church haste  
 Basely purchas'd  
 By a rich ninny;  
 Who, to keep her chaste,  
 Would lock her up like his guinea.*

*In your pain my pleasure is,  
 Jealous dolt, I bate your phiz,  
 Hissing gander  
 My Pbilander  
 Scorns your aspersion;  
 Pitiful slander  
 Renders you more my aversion.*  
 [Exit.

## R E C I T A T I V E.

*Dam. (whistles) Hey tofs! Sh'as paid me soundly!  
 A swinging rap o'th' knuckles.  
 Well, to these honeysuckles  
 He's a meer oaf who truckles.  
 For miss the more he buckles  
 To, and will on ground lye,  
 The more curvetts and chuckles.*

A I R

## AIR XVI. Farewel the Hills and Vallies.

*By whining  
 Pining  
 Sighing  
 Coquetts are never won,  
 But, fright 'em  
 Spite 'em  
 Slight 'em  
 Into your arms they run.  
 A coward,  
 How hard  
 Toward  
 His foe it is to push!  
 Restrain him  
 Rein him  
 Train him,  
 He's mad on death to rush.* [Exit.

## S C E N E Sileno's Garden.

*Enter Sileno and Myfis.*

## R E C I T A T I V E.

*Sil.* Why—is the devil in you Gammer.  
 Have I no refuge from your clamour?

*Myf.* Was ever wife so basely treated?  
 So cross'd, so gaul'd, so fretted!  
 O Gods! I shall run crazy  
 Mad, mad!

*Sil.* No March-hare madder,  
 Do, lambkin give it vent,—'twill ease you;  
 And make your heart the gladder.



A I R XVII. When that I was a little  
tiny Boy.

*When gathering clouds obscure the sky  
With a crash, crash,  
Flash and flash,  
The thunders rowl, and the lightnings fly ;  
Then rain—and all is lullaby.*

*So when a vixen's passions swell  
Tongue all ire,  
Eyes on fire,  
Bosom rent by fiends of bell,  
At length tears stream—and all is well.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

*Myf.* Well!—I'll be even with that spark yet.  
Of fish a dainty kettle  
You have drest— you numscul beetle ;  
You've brought your hogs to a fair market.

*Sil.* Why!—I'm all i'th' dark yet.

*Myf.* Know then thou peerless blockhead,  
Your scoundrel, would he were choaked,  
With his quips, and his quillets  
And running his rigs  
With both your daughters has intrigues  
Nay here, read but these billets—

*Sil.* Psha! put them in your pocket  
Did not the sacred oak,

*Myf.* I mock it—

*Sil.*

*Sil.* Swear to me, on his conscience  
That by *Pol*'s means—

*Myf.* His means!—what nonsense!—

But I've a plot shall make you rue,  
And keep the house too hot for you;  
Don't be surpriz'd, if on the sudden,  
Your minion give the crow a pudding  
Soon mounted in the air, if  
You chance to see the cudden  
A caper cut before the sheriff.

A I R XVIII. To an Italian Opera tune.

*The wolf that slaughter'd finds her whelps,  
With howlings fills the forest,  
Their murtherer tracks with shrillest yelps,  
All food neglecting or rest.*

*So my revenge shall Pol pursue,  
I'll closely watch his waters;  
'Till at the gallows tree he rue  
The wrongs he did my daughters.*

[Exit.

*Enter (to Sil.) Pol.*

*Sil.* Gad's bud, I dread her vengeance  
An angry woman to destroy  
What she hates, would employ  
The devil, and all his emgines. [sees Pol.  
*Pol.* here's a storm a brewing.  
Old *Pan*, and our *Myfis*  
Are hatching devices  
To perpetrate your ruin.

*Pol.* Alas, what have I done—poor stranger!  
Won't you protect me, sir, from danger?

*Sil.* Tut, they shall find I ken 'em,  
And on themselves can turn their venom, [Exit.

*Pol.* Poor fools! how weak, how shallow  
 Are all your plots against *Apollo*.  
 These clowns I pity—but my spleen 'twill pamper  
*Midas* and *Pan* to hamper,  
 Their projects to quash  
 And their pride to abash,  
 When all my rays burst on them with one flash.  
 How I shall laugh, when huddled in a cluster,  
 They stare, gaping like stuck pigs at my lustre.

A I R XIX. When Fairies dance round on  
 the grass.

*When fairies dance round on the grass  
 And revel to night's awful noon,  
 Each elf with his tight little lads  
 Trips to the pale light of the moon,  
 If't chance that the grey dawn of day  
 Peep in on their frolics too soon,  
 In fright they all scuttle away,  
 And follow the glimpse of the moon.*

(As he is going off, enter *Daphne* on one side,  
*Nysa* on the other, both run to him.)

### R E C I T A T I V E.

*Daph.* O *Pol*! the fat's all in the fire!

*Nys.* Such banging  
 In store for us.

*Daph.* For you no less than hanging.

*Pol.* The devil there is!—what means this sad  
 haranguing?

*Daph.* Fly, false deluder.

*Nys.* Quick, take leg, deceitful—

*Pol.* Take leg, and quit my girls! that were  
 ungrateful.

AIR

## A I R XX. To it's own tune.

*My heart so e'er flow' th,  
 With love for you both,  
 That it cannot find room for fear,  
 Not the balter  
 Can alter*

*The passion that's rooted here.*

*Daphne and Nysa together.*

Daph. I scorn and detest      Double love in one breast

Nys. Such love is a jest      In vain you protest.

Daph. Such a love is not worth my care

Nys. For your vows are false as air.

Daph. Ay go dangle      I could mangle.

Nys. } Ob how I burn!      Yes, to tyburn,

Pol. } Don't suspect me,      Or reject me.

Daph. What heart without shedding a tear,

Nys. } I'd desert you with pleasure my dear,

Pol. } What galloes so bad as despair.

*Why won't you believe me,*

Daph. You want to deceive me.

Nys. Your falsehood shall ne'er again grieve me.

Pol. Take my word, and my oath,

Daph. You fool us      Cajole us,

Nys. We'll shew you      We know you

Pol. Believe me

*That at night I will satisfy both.*

*That at night I will satisfy both.*

Daph. } How, will you at night satisfy both?

Nys. } No, you never can satisfy both.

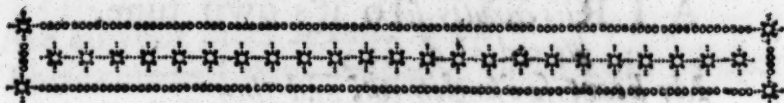
[Exeunt severally.]

*Dance of Nymphs and Swains.*

End of the Second Act.

ACT





## A C T III.

*During the symphony, Mercury descends, and walks to and fro, tolling a bell, at intervals, as a public cryer; at the close, in broken air, he publishes the following advertisements.*

## A I R I.

Merc. O yes, O yes, O yes, *this is to give notice.*

*Lost, or mislaid*

*Or stol'n, or stray'd,*

*From the regions over head,*

*Or reel'd down to earth, when maudlin,*

*A finical*

*Coxcombical*

*Pert, smock-fac'd, young godling;*

*He deals*

*In spells,*

*And fortunes tells,*

*Goes snacks*

*With quacks,*

*And trades*

*With jades,*

*Prying*

*Spying,*

*Pratt'ling*

*Tatt'ling*

*Up stairs, down stairs ratt'ling.*

*His*

*His carotty locks  
As red as a fox ;  
As a switch tall and thin  
Ne'er a rag to his skin,  
And answers to the name of Apollo.*

Enter Pol.

# RECITATIVE.

*Pol.* Hush ribald cur, this bawling  
Unless you wish a mawling !  
Heaven's, what a sink of slander your foul throat is !  
*Mer.* Oh are you there, master *Apollo* ?  
My elbow itch'd ; I guess'd at what would follow.  
*Pol.* Sirrah, you are a rogue beneath my notice.

AIR II. Kifs me fast my mother's coming.

*Fine times, when each little  
Pimping, upstart court lick-spittle  
Worth disgrac'd dares back and whittle  
Shafts of malice throwing.  
See the game cock's crest with mud upon't ;  
Strait the dunghill breed grows proud upon't,  
Each bare beak  
It's spleen will wreak,  
All clapping wings, and crowing.*

RECIT.

## R E C I T A T I V E.

*Mer.* Come come, let's buss, and friends.

*Pol.* Not 'till I curry your mungril hide.

*Merc.* Poo, let's shake hands, my hurry  
Barr'd compliments.—Pray, pray, 'twas joke—I'm  
forry.

*Jove's* in a raging fume, a pelting chafe!

Oh! 'tis such fun, would make even *Pluto* laugh!

*Pol.* Do, let me know't.—I long, for his late  
kindness

To have him on the hip.

*Merc.* Hark then.—His highness,  
Safe as he thought himself from your inquires,  
Struck up an assignation with Miss *Iris*:

*Juno* o'er heard it all—

*Pol.* ————— So had them track'd,  
I do suppose, and caught them in the fact.

*Merc.* Ah, madam's an old hand:—she better  
judging,

Lock'd *Iris* up, and slipt into her lodging;

Lay snug—far'd well—ne'er cried, roast meat,  
but chuckled,

While old *Twangdillo* dub'd himself a cuckold.

## A I R III. Nancy Dawson.

*The Gods were all call'd in to see*

*How fond a husband Jove could be:*

*He storm'd; she laughed, yet, rouguishly*

*Pretended to conceal it.*

*His fury rose to such a pitch,*

*He call'd her lewd, case-barden'd witch,*

*Swore, to his girls he'd stick like pitch,*

*And wench in open day-light.*

## R E C I T A T I V E.

*Pol.* Oh I shall burst!—a pious resolution!  
Means he to put it strait in execution?

*Merc.* Now, now; your pardon's sign'd; on  
double wages  
You're to light up, and run, your usual stages:  
So mount your box, old geeho, I advise you  
Resume your task diurnal,  
He threatens t' advertise you  
In every weekly Journal.

*Pol.* Well, I've a wench, or two—you under-  
stand me—  
And a drole counter plot some knaves to catch,  
Which in a trice, I will dispatch,  
And then he may command me.

## A I R IV, D U E T T O.

*Pol.* *A monarch may buff,*  
*A senate may rage*  
*In edicts too bluff,*  
*In speeches so sage!*  
*The minister glib*  
*While he gives himself*  
*Thinks how he may crib*  
*For his private affairs.*

*Merc.* *These fatal mistakes*  
*Call aloud for redress;*  
*Consider few rakes*  
*Would their own ribs caress.*  
*A wife in the dark*  
*Only squanders her charms,*  
*Who, 'stead of her spark,*  
*Finds her spouse in her arms.*



Pol. *But I'll display  
And soon set to rights  
In open day  
Such unfair bites.  
Cuckolds then will know their friends,  
And, in like coin may make amends.*

Merc. *When our great sir, shall  
Once fix the mode,  
Horns universal  
Will spread abroad,  
And cuckoo that word of fear,  
Familiar grow to marry'd ear.*

Pol and Mercury together,

Pol. *But I'll display*  
 Merc. *When our great sir*  
 Pol. *And soon set to rights*  
 Merc. *Shall once fix the mode*  
 Pol. *In open day*  
 Merc. *Horns univer-*  
 Pol. *Such unfair bites*  
 Mer. *-Sal will spread abroad*  
 Pol. *Cuckolds then will know their friends*  
 Merc. *And cuckoo that word of fear,*  
 Pol. *And, in like coin may make amends*  
 Merc. *Familiar grow, to marry'd ear.*

Mercury re-ascends, and Pol Exit.

SCENE

S C E N E *Midas's Parlour.*

*Midas, Myfis, and Pan, discovered in consultation over a large bowl of punch, pipes and tobacco.*

## R E C I T A T I V E.

*Mid.* Come, *Pan*, your toast.—

*Pan.* Here goes, our noble Umpire,

*Myf.* And *Pol's* defeat—I'll pledge it in a bumper.

*Mid.* Hang him, in every scheme that whelp has cross'd us.

*Myf.* Sure he's the devil himself

*Pan.* Or doctor Faustus.

*Myf.* Ah! Squire—for *Pan* wou'd you but stoutly stickle,

This *Pol* would soon be in a wretched pickle.

*Pan.* You reason right—

*Mid.* His toby I shall tickle

*Myf.* Look, Squire, I've sold my butter, here it's price is

At your command, do but this jobb for *Myfis*.

Count 'em.—Six guineas and an old jacobus

Keep *Pan*, and shame that scape-grace *coram nobis*.

## A I R . V. Baaltiorough.

*Mark what I say. you'll repent if  
 Conscience's qualms you attend to;  
 You a great shire's representative  
 And not one job for a friend do?  
 Rouze up, nor thus your grave noddle shake,  
 Fob off this tatterdemallion,  
 We'll stick to Pan, his party take,  
 For Pol's a paltry rascallion.*

## R E C I T A T I V E.

*Pan. (aside) The justice in quandary!—Gad,  
 we have him.—  
 Gammer, Pol's pipe is out; brandy can't save him.  
 Mid. Goody, as 'tis your request,  
 I pocket this here stuff,  
 And, as for that there peasant,  
 Trust me, I'll work his buff.  
 At the musical struggle  
 I'll bully and juggle,  
 My award's  
 Your sure card,  
 Blood, he shall fly his country—that's enough.*

## A I R . VI. To its own Tune.

*If in the courts your suit depend,  
 Or a cause you'd fain do hurt in,  
 Be sure you make the judge your friend  
 By a tip behind the curtain.  
 Then decree goes  
 Plump against your foes,  
 Tho' before it seem'd uncertain.*

## R E C I T A T I V E.

*Pan.* Well said, my lad of wax—since you're  
so mettled

I'll have one tryal with this fop—that's settled.

A word i' your ear—You'll find it no hard matter,  
When she's lost Pol, to nab our crony's daughter.

A I R VII. *Ligurum Cufs.*

*As soon as her doating piece fairly is sped,  
Do you make your push, and a stout one :  
For now she has got a sweetheart in her head,  
She'll never be easy without one ;  
Rever'd by the shepherds, caress'd by the nymphs,  
No dread or remorse shall come o'er us,  
At sessions, in spite of the law and its imps,  
We'll kick the whole country before us.*

## R E C I T A T I V E.

*Mid.* Ha! ha! sit down, and make an end  
o'th' tankard,

I have no head for business till I've drank hard.

*Pan.* Nor have my brains guts in them till  
they're addle,

When I'm most rocky I best fit my saddle.

*Mys.* I always chuck a priming at the tap, or  
A cogue of Nantzy, just to oil my clapper.

*Mid.* Well come, let's take one bouze, and  
roar a catch,

Then part to our affairs.—

*Pan.* A match.

*Mys.* A catch.



## A I R VIII. A Catch. Cold and Raw.

Mid. *Master Pol*  
*And his toll-de roll-loll,*  
*I'll buffet away from our plain, sir ;*  
 Pan. *And I'll assist*  
*Your worship's fist*  
*With all my might and main, sir ;*  
 Myf. *And I'll have a thump,*  
*Tho' he is so plump,*  
*And makes such a woundy racket.*  
 Mid. *I'll bluff,*  
 Pan. *I'll rough,*  
 Myf. *I'll buff,*  
 Mid. *I'll cuff,*  
 Omn. *And I warrant we pepper his jackett.*  
 Cho. *I'll bluff, &c.*  
 Mid. *For all his cheats*  
*And wenching feats*  
*He shall rue on his knees 'em,*  
*Or skip, by goles,*  
*As high as Paul's,*  
*Like ugly witch on besom ;*  
*Arraign'd he shall be*  
*Of treason to me !*  
 Pan. *And I with my davy will back it ;*  
*I'll swear,*  
 Mid. *I'll snare,*  
 Myf. *I'll tear.*  
 Omn. *O rare !*  
*And I'll warrant we pepper his jacket.*  
 Chor. *I'll swear, I'll snare, &c.*  
[Exeunt.]

S C E N E

## S C E N E

*Discovers Sileno and Damætas in warm argument, on the lawn before Midas's house.*

## R E C I T A T I V E.

*Sil.* My *Daphne* a wife for thee! the squire's  
base *Pandar*!

To the plantations sooner would I send her.

*Dam.* Sir, your good wife approv'd my offers.

*Sil.* Name her not, Hag of Endor,

What knew she of thee but by thy coffers?

*Dam.* And shall this ditch-born whelp, this  
jackanapes.

By dint of congees and scrapes—

*Sil.* These are thy slanders and that canker'd  
hag's.—

*Dam.* A thing made up of pilfer'd rags—

*Sil.* Richer than thou with all thy brags  
Of flocks, and herds, and money bags.

## A I R X. DUETTO.

*If a rival thy character draw*

*In perfection he'll find out a flaw,*

*With black he will paint*

*Make a devil of a saint*

*And change to an Owl a Maccaw.*

*Dam.* Can a father pretend to be wise

*Who his friend's good advice will despise?*

*Who, when danger is nigh,*

*Throws his spectacles by*

*And blinks thro' a green girl's eyes?*

*Sil.*

Sil. *Your an impudent pimp and a grub,*

Dam. *You are fool'd by a beggarly scrub ;  
Your betters you snub.*

Sil. *Who will lend me a club,*

*This insolent fellow to drub ?*

*Your an impudent pimp and a grub,*

Dam. *Your cajol'd by a beggarly scrub*

Sil. *Who will rot in a powdering tub,*

Dam. *Whom the prince of impostor's I dub ;*

Sil. *A guinea for a club,*

Dam. *Your bald pate you'll rub*

Sil. *This muckworm to drub*

Dam. *When you find that your cub*

Sil. *Rub off, sirrah, rub, sirrah, rub.*

Dam. *Is debauch'd by a whip'd syllabub.*

Enter *Myfis* attended by *Dapne* and *Nysa*.

### R E C I T A T I V E.

*Myf.* Soh!—you attend the tryal,—we shall drive  
hence

Your vagabond—

*Sil.* I smoke your foul contrivance

*Daph.* Ah *Ny*, our fate depends upon this  
issue—

*Nys.* *Daph.*—for your sake, my claim I here  
forgo.

And with your *Pol*, much joy I wish you.

*Daph.* O, gemini, say'st thou me so ?

Dear creature let me kiss you.

*Nys.* Let's kneel, and beg his stay, papa will  
back us.

*Daph.* Mama will storm,

*Nys.* What then, she can but whack us.

AIR

## AIR XI. Quintetto. Viens que l'Examine-a-

Daph. *Mother, sure you never  
Will endeavour  
To disserve  
From my favour  
So sweet a swain,  
None so clever  
E'er trod the plain.*

Nyf. *Father, hopes you gave her;  
Don't deceive her;  
Can you leave her  
Sunk for ever  
In pining care,  
Haste and save her  
From black despair.*

Daph. *Think of his charming grace  
His voice, shape, and face;*

Nyf. *Hearts alarming;*

Daph. *Bosoms warming  
With his soft lay:*

Nyf. *He's so charming  
Ah, let him stay.*

Both. *He's so charming, &c.*

Myf. *Sluts, are you lost to shame?*

Sil. *Wife, wife, be more tame.*

Myf. *This is madness!*

Sil. *Sober sadness!*

Myf. *I with gladness  
Cou'd see him swing,  
For his badness,*

Sil. *'Tis no such thing.*



Dam. *Must Pan resign, to this fop, his employment?*

*Must, I, to him, yield of Daph. the enjoyment?*

Myf. *Ne'er while a tongue I brandish,*

*Fop outlandish,*

*Daph. shall blandish.*

Dam. *Will you reject my income*

*Herds and clinkum.*

Sil. *Rot and sink 'em*

Dam. *Midas must judge*

Myf. *And Pol must fly*

Sil. *Zounds, Pol shan't budge,*

Myf. *You lye*

Dam. *You lye*

Myf. }

Dam. } *You lye, you lye.*

Sil. }

Nyf. *Pan's drone is fit for wild rocks and bleak mountains*

Daph. *Pol's lyre suits best our cool groves and clear fountains.*

Nyf. *Pol is young and merry*

Daph. *Light and airy*

Sil. *As a fairy*

Nyf. *Pan is old and rusty*

Daph. *Stiff and fusty*

Sil. *Sowre and musty*

Daph. *Can you banish Pol?*

Nyf. *No, no, no, no.*

*Let Pan fall*

Daph. *Ay, let him go.*

Nyf. }

Daph. } *Ay, let him go.*

Sil. }

Myf.

Myf. *Must Pan resign, to this fop, his employment?*

Nyf. *Pan's drone is fit for wild rocks and bleak mountains*

Dam. *Must I to Pol, yield of Daph. the enjoyment?*

Daph. *Pol's lyre suits best our cool groves and clear fountains.*

Myf. *Ne'er while a tongue I brandish*

Daph. *Pol is young and merry*

Nyf. *Pan is old and rusty.*

Myf. *Fop outlandish*

Daph. *Light and airy*

Nyf. *Stiff and fusty*

Myf. *Daph shall blandish*

Daph. *As a fairy*

Nyf. *Sour, and crusty*

Dam. *Will you reject my income?*

Myf. *Herds and clincum*

Nyf. *Never think e'm*

Sil. *Rot and sink 'em*

Daph. *Can you banish Pol?*

Myf. *Midas must judge,*

Nyf. *No, no.*

Dam. *And Pol must fly*

Daph. *Pray let Pan fall,*

Sil. *Zounds, Pol shan't budge*

Nyf. *Ay let him go*

Myf. *You lye, you lye*

Nyf. *Yes, he shall go*

Daph. *Ay, let him go*

Sil. *Blood, Pan shall go*

Dam. *Poor Pan! poor I!*

Myf. *You lye, you lye.*

*Midas comes forth enrag'd, attended by a crowd of Nymphs and Swains.*

### RECITATIVE.

*Mid.* Peace ho! is hell broke loose? what means  
this jawing?  
Under my very nose this clapper clawing!

### A I R XII. Kettle Bender.

*What the devil's here to do  
Ye logger heads, and gypsies?  
Sirrah you, and hussey you  
And each of you tipsey is.  
But I'll sure pull down your pride as  
A gun, or as I'm justice Midas.*

### CHORUS All.

*O Tremendous justice Midas,  
Who shall oppose wise justice Midas*  
[All fall prostrate.

*Mid.* I'm given to understand that your all in a  
pother here  
Disputing whether *Pan* or *Pol*, shall play to you  
another year.  
Dare you think your clumsy lungs so proper to  
decide as  
The delicate ears of justice *Midas*?

*Cho.* O *Tremendous*, &c.

RECIT-

## R E C I T A T I V E.

*Mid.* Soh! you allow it then—Ye mobbish  
rabble?

*Enter Pol. and Pan. severally.*

Oh, here comes *Pol.* and *Pan*—now stint your  
gabble.

Fetch my great chair—I'll quickly end this  
squabble.

## A I R XIII. To it's own tune.

*Now I'm seated*

*I'll be treated,*

*Like the sopher on his throne*

*In my presence*

*Scoundrel peasants,*

*Shall not call their souls their own.*

*My bebest is*

*He who best is*

*Shall be fix'd musician chief,*

*Ne'er the loser,*

*Shall shew his nose here*

*But be transported like a thief.*

*Cho.* O Tremendous, &c.

RECI-



## R E C I T A T I V E.

*Dam.* Masters, will you abide by this condition,

*Pan.* I ask no better

*Pol.* ————— I am all submission.

*Pan.* Strik up, sweet Sir,

*Pol.* ————— Sir, I attend your leisure

*Mid. Pan,* take the lead,

*Pan:* ————— Since 'tis your worship's pleasure.

## A I R    XIV.

*A pox of your pother about this or that,  
Your shrieking or squeaking a sharp or a flat ;  
I'm sharp by my bumpers, you're flat, master Pol,  
So here goes a set-to at Toll de roll loll.*

*When Beauty her pack of poor lovers would hamper,  
And after miss Will o' the Wisp the fools scamper,  
Ding dong, in sing song, they the lady extol ;  
Pray what's all this fuss for, but—Toll de roll, &c.*

*Mankind are a medley—a chance-medley race,  
All start in full cry to give dame Fortune chace ;  
There's catch as catch can, hit or miss Luck is all,  
And Luck's the best tune of life's Toll lol de roll.*

*I've done, please your worship, 'tis rather too long,  
I only meant life is but an old song ;  
The world's but a tragedy, comedy, droll,  
Where all act the scene of Toll loll de rol lol.*

## R E C I T A T I V E.

*Mid.* By jingo, well perform'd for one of his age;  
How, hang dog, don't you blush to shew your visage?

*Pol.* Why, master Midas, for that matter,  
'Tis enough to dash one,  
To hear the arbitrator,  
In such unseemly fashion  
One of the candidates bespatter  
With so much partial passion.

*[Midas falls asleep.]*

## A I R XV.

*Ab, happy hours, how fleeting  
Ye danc'd on down away;  
When my soft vows repeating  
At Daphne's feet I lay.*

*But, from her charms when sunder'd,  
As Midas' frowns presage,  
Each hour will seem an hundred,  
Each day appear an age.*

## R E C I T A T I V E.

*Mid.* Silence—this just decree all, at your peril  
Obedient hear,—else I shall use you very ill.

## The D E C R E E.

*Pan shall remain.  
Pol quit the plain.*

Chorus, *Oh tremendous, &c.*

R E C I-

## R E C I T A T I V E.

*Mid.* All bow with me to mighty Pan—en-  
throned him.—

No pouting—and with festal chorus crown him!—

*[The crowd forms two ranks beside the chair,  
and join in the chorus, whilst Midas crowns  
him with bays.]*

## C H O R U S.

See triumphant sits the bard  
Crown'd with bays, his due reward.  
Exil'd Pol shall wander far,  
Exil'd twang his faint guitar,  
While, with echoing shouts of praise  
We the bagpipe's glory raise.

## R E C I T A T I V E.

*Mid.* 'Tis well!—what keeps you here—you  
ragamuffin?

Go trudge—or do you wait for a good cuffing?

## R E C I T. accompanied.

*Pol.* Now, listen all—The wrath of Jove, for  
rapine,  
Corruption, lust, pride, fraud, there's no escaping.  
Tremble, thou wretch—Thou'lt stretch'd thy ut-  
most tether,  
Thou, and thy tools shall go to pot together.

A I R XVII. To various Tunes.

*Dunce, I did but sham,  
For Apollo I am,  
God of music and king of Parnass :  
Thy scurvy decree  
For Pan, against me,  
I reward with the ears of an ass.*

**Grand C H O R U S.**

*Mid.* Detected, baulk'd, and small,  
On our marrow bones we fall.

*Myf.* Detected, baulk'd, and small,  
On our marrow bones we fall.

*Dam.* Detected, baulk'd, and small,  
On our marrow bones we fall.

*Mys.* Be merciful,                      Alas, alas!

*Dam.* Be pitiful,                      Alas, alas!

*Mid.* Forgive us, mighty Sol,      Alas, alas!

Pol. *Thou a Billingsgate quean,* [to Mys.]

*Thou a pandar obscene* [to Dam.

*With strumpets and bailiffs shall class.*

*Thou, driven from man* [to Mid.

*Shalt wander with Pan,*

*He a stinking old goat, thou an afs, an afs, &c.*

*Mid.*

*Mys.* { Alas ! Alas !

*Dam.*

*Daph.* Now my heart's cur'd of folly.

*Nys.* ——— Be jolly.

*Sil.* The Oracle's word

For millions should pass:

Myfis is well parted,

*Daph.* And the pimp carted,



Nys. Squire Midas converted

Into an afs, O the dull afs!

Daph. } *All together, but* Into an afs, laugh at the afs!

Sil. } *to several airs.* Into an afs, a real afs!

Mys. } *while Midas* What a sad afs,

Dam. } *joins in chorus,* Alas, alas!

Apollo. } *braying like an* Be thou an afs.

Apol. Be thou squire—his estate [to Sil.

To thee I translate.

To you his strong chests, wicked mafs, {to Daph;

Live happy, while I, { & Nyfa.

Recall'd to the sky,

Make all the Gods laugh at Midas.

Apol. } *Together,* All the Gods laugh at Midas.

Dam. } *to several airs.* [Ascends in the Sun:

Mid. } Alas, Alas! [Exit.

Mys. } [Goes about braying like an afs]

Daph. } What a sad pass—Ah, poor Midas.

Nys. } Chang'd to an afs—Well bray'd Midas.

Sil. } Well bray'd Midas; manifest afs.

Laugh at the afs; laugh at the afs.

## GRAND CHORUS.

Daph. } *Together,* To the bright God of day  
Sil. } *with the* Let us dance, sing, and play,  
Nys. } *other nymphs* Clap hands every lad with his  
          *and swains.* lafs.

Daph. Now criticks lye snug,  
Not a hiss, groan, or shrug,  
Remember the fate of Midas,  
Midas,  
Remember the fate of Midas.

## CHORUS.

Now criticks lye snug, &c.



